

TRIFLES
OF
HELICON.

BY
King (C.)
CHARLOTTE AND SOPHIA KING.

“ Non fi é mai stampato tanto, e

“ Non fi é mai letto meno.”

“ Facciám noi, quel che si puo far per niu.”

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1798.

THE

OF

THE



CHARLOTTE SOPHIA KING

TO
JOHN KING, Esq.

INSTEAD of the mature fruit of the Muses,
accept the blossoms ; they are to show you that
the education you have afforded us has not
been totally lost :—when we grow older, we
hope to offer you others with less imperfections.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTERS,

CHARLOTTE KING,
SOPHIA KING.

Jan. 14, 1798.

TO
JOHN KING, Esq.

INSTEAD of the mature fruit of the Muses,
except the blossoms; they are to show you that
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YOUR AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

CHARLOTTE KING,

SOPHIA KING.

Jan-14 1798.

SONNET
TRIFLES

FROM

PARNASSUS.

WHERE the hoarse billows rush upon the shore,
Where shrieks some screech-owl's melancholy voice,
Where the bleak winds in loud defiance roar,
Where horror reigns—that spot shall be my choice.

Oh, Sleep! kind soother of the grief-worn breast;
Oh, Health! bright jewel of the labouring hind;
Oh, Hope! dear cheerer of the mind distressed;
Oh, precious blessings! where may I ye find?

Hope, soft sustainer, whither art thou fled?
Oh, Laura! pour the balsam in my heart;
Then Sleep, once more, shall rest my aching head,
And blushing Health her cheering sweets impart.

CHARLOTTE.

B

SONNET.

SONNET.

LOVE.

TRIPPING across the mead,
 To cull the sweets of spring,
 An angry insect from the painted flowers
 Darted its sting:
 So Love, in ambush, to beguile the hours,
 Sent forth his feather'd dart
 To wound my heart;
 Then, laughing, fled.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

SONNET.

TO MEDITATION.

SWEET Meditation, who delight'st to dwell
 In deep seclusion, silent and alone,
 Oft thoughtful, list'ning to the distant knell
 Which tolls some mortal to his narrow home ;

Where rocks with fable brows o'erhang the main,
 And foaming surges lave the slimy shore,
 Where Echo screams the lengthen'd sound again,
 Where o'er the heath the winds unfetter'd roar ;

Or oft, when Eve her twilight stillness spreads,
 Thou lov'st to wander in the lonely glade,
 Where no rough wight, with feet unhallow'd, treads,
 To break the chain by Meditation made ;

Where yawns the precipice of depth unseen,
 Where frowns some mountain's elevated brow,
 Or where the moon shines o'er the haunted green,
 From vulgar fear deserted long ago.

CHARLOTTE.

S O N N E T.

A G E.

NO longer my heart beats responsive to joy ;
 Its pains and its raptures for ever are fled :
 The transports of love may now kindle a boy ;
 But, ah ! in my bosom all pleasure is dead.

The dream of delight and the rapture of pain,
 The madness of youth and the folly of love,
 I bid thee adieu again and again,
 Adieu the sweet names of rose, angel, and dove ;

With all the dear oaths that once fell from my tongue,
 And all the soft sighs that I gave to the air,
 With the sonnets of love that I often have sung,
 And the madrigals tender I made for the fair.

For the chill hand of age lies cold on my heart,
 And time long has wither'd the roses of youth ;
 No longer my eyes can their glances impart,
 For ogle I cannot, to tell you the truth.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

SONNET.

THE INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

OH, Sleep! kind god, approach thy gentle wand,
 And strew thy poppies round my aching head,
 Lay on my lids thy soft composing hand,
 And pour thy brightest visions round my head.

'Tis thou alone canst hush in sweetest peace,
 Lull the loud sigh, and stay the starting tear;
 In calmness bid each stormy passion cease,
 Close the sad lid, and hush each anxious fear.

Then come, kind god, and chase my cares away,
 Sooth the poor flutterer of my beating breast,
 With haggard Misery one moment stay,
 Nor fly, thus scornful, from a wretch distressed.

CHARLOTTE.

SONNET.

SONNET.

SLEEP.

OH, Morpheus! deign my ardent prayer to hear,
 And, ah! propitious to a mourner prove;
 Close these sad eyelids, though wet with many a tear,
 And lull the sighs of unrequited love.

Adown my cheeks the tears each other chase;
 Dear Henry, would I lov'd not half so true!
 Then Morpheus might commiserate my case,
 And o'er my thorny couch his poppies strew.

'Tis love, the pain and pleasure of each breast,
 That inly gnaws, and rankles in my heart;
 'Tis love that all my waking thoughts infest,
 'Tis love that wounds me with his poison'd dart.

For Cupid, when he taught me love, forgot
 To make my Henry feel an equal flame;
 And love, devoid of hope, 's a hapless lot;
 'Tis worse than writing without hopes of fame.

SOPHIA.

SONNET

SONNET.

TO LAURA.

WHY frequent wanders in the dead of night,
 The penfive Laura, weeping, sad, alone?
 Why dares, regardless, the terrific sprite?
 Why fearless paces by the dreary tomb?

Why, printless, does she leave her downy bed,
 Lonely to wander in the forest's gloom?
 Now on a dewy sod recline her head?
 Now thoughtful gaze upon the pale-beam'd moon?

Where now has vanish'd the resistless smile?
 Where flown the sprightly mirth which tun'd her tongue?
 Why now no more can joy the hours beguile?
 Why charms deep solitude a maid so young?

Say, is it melancholy sways thy mind?
 Unconscious thou from whence proceeds thy smart;
 But search thy bosom, and an arrow find,
 For there the urchin, Love, has left his dart.

CHARLOTTE.

SONNET.

SONNET.

PATIENCE.

SEE black Despair with scowling brow,
 With glaring eyes and heavy heart;
 See Sickness with its feverish glow,
 To whom Death points his ready dart:

See Misery with trickling tears,
 With breaking heart and heavy sighs;
 See Love with dark tormenting fears,
 And furious Pain with hollow eyes.

Yet all these horrors thou canst calm;
 At thy approach Despair shall fly:
 'Tis thine to pour the healing balm,
 And wipe the tears from Sorrow's eye.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

MADNESS.

M A D N E S S I O N

OH, Madnefs! worft of ev'ry ill !

'Twere mercy more the wretch to kill,

Than thou fhouldft give the blow :

Come racking Pains, pervade the frame ;

Come fswift Decline, do thou the fame ;

To Madnefs trifling woe.

Of Madnefs, fee the tortur'd child,

First fhedding tears, then laughing wild,

And then convulfive groan ;

Then comes Defpair, with wide-ftretch'd eye,

Tearing the foul with agony ;

Or hear the harrowing moan.

See the damp cheek of pallid Dread,

Quick mantling, mount to furious red,

Or glow with feverifh pink :

Next fee him fhrink, and fhrivering figh,

With quivering lip and glaffy eye,

And then exhausted fink.

Deep Melancholy rules by fits,

Then gloomy Madnefs moping fits,

Or ftrow, unmeaning, ties.

When oft, to fhun the fancied lafh,

From dizzying heights they fearless dafh,

And thus the victim dies.

CHARLOTTE.

C

LOVE

LOVE AND PAIN.

PART I.

LOVE begone, and Mirth adieu,
 No longer hold my heart in chains;
 Leave me, all ye sportive crew;
 I quit your pleasures and your pains.

For Pain will Pleasure still pursue;
 And when soft Love would hurl his dart,
 Her shafts must pierce the victim too,
 And breathe sick anguish o'er the heart.

Though Hope may gild the fest'ring wound,
 And point to painted Fancy's bowers,
 Too soon has sad experience found
 The serpent lurking 'mid the flowers.

Still gloomy Pain, with rueful gaze,
 Sad hovers round the sportive boy,
 Each dear remembrance to erase,
 And blast his promis'd bloom of joy.

Each ambush'd dimple sunk in bloom,
 Her poison'd arrow swift defiles;
 And sudden frowns, then sternly gloom,
 Where flash'd soft transitory smiles.

Still

Still blotting out whole years of joy,
 She drags her victims to the grave;
 One day of woe will swift destroy,
 And Pleasure come too late to save.

SOPHIA.

Still blowing out whole years of joy,
She drags her victims to the grave;
One day of woe will sweep away
And pleasure come too late to save.

W A R.

SEE bloody Discord lift her envious head,
And shake the hissing serpents from her hair:
Then o'er the earth see wild Confusion spread,
And hast'ning Evils beckon to despair.

Who now with cheerfulness shall smiling toil,
And happy view the children of his care?
Say, who with industry shall dress the soil,
For whom the wife her frugal store prepare?

Must the delight which deck'd the honest brow,
The tender father sad and silent droop?
The smile contented, and the healthy glow,
Alike be banish'd from the guiltless group?

Wild with despair, the mournful father flies
To gain, or death, or glory, in the field;
Distracted fights, to lull his children's cries,
And nobly bleeds, the bitter bread to yield.

The widow's tears must wet the harden'd ground;
The scanty crust in tears his offspring steep:
Yet ceaseless still, no end those tears have found;
For father, husband, friend, they have to weep.

CHARLOTTE.

APATHY.

APATHY.

PART II.

OH! come, thou Apathy, whose leaden brows
With lazy poppies are entwin'd ;
Pour thy Lethean draught upon my woes,
And, with a chain of ice, my heart-strings bind.

Thou torpor of the soul, come swift,
In heavy slumber steep my giddy brain ;
Dream on, my senses, dear oblivious gift ;
Shall racking thought no more obtrude its pain ?

Give me the sleep of death, O calm my brain ;
Strew me with poppies, close my wakeful eye ;
Then to a rock my shatter'd body chain,
And unmolested let me ever lie.

SOPHIA.

PEACE.

P E A C E

RETURN, sweet Peace, and shed thy glories round,
 And spread thy fair wings o'er a troubled isle ;
 No more let carnage stain the fruitful ground,
 And blood the works of Heaven's hand defile.

Shall Discord drive thee, mild-ey'd nymph, away ?
 And Faction strike thee with its ruthless hand ?
 Shall Havoc mock thee on the crimson'd way ?
 Confusion reign, and Ruin grinning stand ?

Shall Famine point its all-consuming sword ?
 And Misery reach the funny cottage door ?
 Shall naught remain to deck the frugal board,
 Or bless the humble offspring of the poor ?

Must the sad widow weep her loss in vain ?
 The little orphan vainly ask for bread ?
 Yet still shall strife and sanction'd murder reign ;
 And scalding tears be still unheeded shed ?

CHARLOTTE.

THE ROSE.

BENEATH the sun's refulgent ray,

A lovely Rose-tree bloom'd ;

The glittering dewdrops on it lay,

Its sweets the air perfum'd.

Among the buds was seen a Rose,

More stately than the rest,

Protected by the thorny boughs,

Where Zephyr fann'd her breast.

When, lo ! an envious Worm espied

The modest blooming flower :

Unseen, upon the stalk it climb'd,

In a sad, luckless hour.

The slimy foe the branches hide

Secure ; it stings the inmost heart,

Corrodes each beauty in its pride,

And festers like a poison'd dart.

Quick fade the blighted flowret's leaves ;

The insect triumph'd in its pain ;

The wither'd Rose in secret grieves,

Unconscious of its bane.

And now the victim flower droops,
 And pensive hides amid the boughs ;
 The sapless stalk now lowly stoops,
 And weeps in dewdrops to each rose ;

Now silent mourns its ruin'd charms,
 And writhes in anguish to and fro ;
 Sinks in the brier's thorny arms,
 With the dumb energy of woe.

How many mortals, like the blighted Rose,
 Sink to the grave, shot by a hidden dart ;
 To their heart's core a secret venom flows,
 For many a baleful worm corrodes their heart.

And many worms within this world we meet,
 Who see with envious eyes each other's joy ;
 Who feed on gall to canker every sweet,
 And strive each mortal's pleasure to annoy.

SOPHIA.

MORNING.

M O R N I N G.

SEE light the hills adorning,
As shrill the cock proclaims ;
And brightly gleams the Morning,
Wide breaking o'er the plains.

See ev'ry star retiring,
And ev'ry dew exhale ;
See Morn with joy inspiring
The songsters of the vale.

Behold yon cloud, how glorious !
That captive holds the sun,
Which now breaks forth victorious,
His radiant course to run.

Begone, each little fairy,
And each fantastic dream,
With ev'ry spirit airy
That haunts the desert green.

CHARLOTTE.

FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

PART I.

AIR.

OH, silver Bow!

How fast thy watry hues

Melt in the sky,

And on it flow;

Yet soon those tints to lose,

Thou'lt die.

How fast thy colours flee,

Yet do not go;

For with the clouds I'd run,

And kiss the Sun;

Could I but ride on thee,

Oh, silver Bow!

I'd bathe in dew,

Then more presuming grow,

Chase the young sun-beams,

Sink on heaven's blue,

And with Zephyrus play;

Then drink the summer shower as it streams,

And view thee melt away,

Oh, silver Bow!

SOPHIA.

EVENING.

EVENING.

A DESCRIPTIVE PIECE.

Now Sol, behind the mountain,
Withdraws his golden rays,
That, lingering on the fountain,
Display a liquid blaze.

Now gently plays the zephyr,
And curbs the languid stream ;
Now lightly bounds the heifer,
Beneath the evening beam.

With curious colours tainted,
The slippery rocks are seen,
By Nature's soft hand painted,
In azure, red, and green.

Yon mountain top, aspiring,
To reach bright heaven, tries ;
A purple tint acquiring
From Evening's vivid skies.

And now his toil suspending,
The labourer quits the field ;
And, lo ! the dews descending,
Their sweetest fragrance yield.

The fleecy lambs reclining
 Supine on yonder steep ;
 His sportive care resigning,
 The shepherd wrapt in sleep.

Now to the seas extending,
 Sol throws his sinking rays,
 While o'er the ocean bending,
 The drooping willow plays.

The glowing prospect fading
 As deepening dusk succeeds,
 And darkness flow invading,
 It gradually recedes.

CHARLOTTE.

FLIGHT

FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

PART II.

FIRE.

CRIMSON element of Fire,
I see thy flames arise ;
Now strive they upwards to aspire,
And kiss the skies.

Ruin hovers in thy blaze,
Torture on thy bosom lays,
And Death triumphant points his dart,
Emerging from thy fiery heart.

View the angry heavens blushing,
As the roaring flames ascend ;
In liquid blaze ambitious rushing,
An artificial light they lend.

Glaring on the silent night,
They flash upon the aching sight ;
The sick winds heavy with its heat,
The sultry air forget to greet.

Crimson

Crimson element of Fire,
I love on thee to gaze,
When innocent thy flames aspire,
And watch thy spreading blaze.

SOPHIA.

FLIGHT

FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

PART III.

EARTH.

SPIRIT of the mountains, hail!

Thy shadowy form appears,

Now frantic flies;

Thy visionary face is pale,

All bath'd in tears,

And wildly mad thy eyes.

What means yon pigmy throng,

Who onward stray?

Lo! how they pour along!

What painted shadow is it they pursue,

That flits away,

And now appears anew?

Oh, Spirit! why that sigh?

View here a picture of the idle earth,

It sternly said;

And man, devoid of worth:

Then instant bade

The fairy pageant die.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

SONNET.

TO INDIFFERENCE*.

INDIFFERENCE! nymph of calm unruffled brow,
I hail thee, henceforth, as a welcome guest;
Thy easy chain of flowrets round me throw,
And fix thy careless empire in my breast.

What! if unfelt by thee, transporting Bliss,
Unknown the raptures of Love's thrilling smart;
Unfelt the eloquent, the tender kiss;
Unknown the melting motions of the heart.

And, ah! unfelt the chastening rod of Pain;
Unfelt the thorns in Love's seducing snare;
Unfelt the galling of a hopeless chain;
Unknown the killing anguish of Despair.

Ah, happy nymph! who would not be like thee,
Insensible to Pleasure's dear extreme?
To be, too, from excess of anguish free,
And glide through life on an unruffled stream?

CHARLOTTE.

* The subsequent Poems were written at sixteen.

FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION,

WATER.

PART IV.

NYMPH of the dashing wave,
Whose sea-green tresses lave
Within the briny surge,
Oh! see the wild-ey'd nymph emerge,
Dripping with spray,
And now 'mid beds of coral see her stray.

Oh, sea-nymph! bear
Me where the dolphins sport,
And where the sea-god holds his court;
Oh! lead me where
The tritons dance,
And syrens gambol on the green expanse,

Nymph of the dashing wave,
Whose sea-green tresses lave,
Why dost thou wildly lean,
And gaze regardless on the wat'ry scene?
What sea-god dost thou love,
Who through this wat'ry world delights to rove?

E

Where

Where wanton mermaids comb their flowing hair,
And laughing syrens sing but to ensnare ;

Oh, Naiad ! lead,
And let me gaze on yonder foaming steed,

The angry sea-horse,
Free from tyrant man's despotic force.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

TO LOVE.

AH! wherefore, cruel Cupid, didst thou bind,
 With such a painful wreath, my bleeding brows?
 Why give me only thorns? for, ah! no rose,
 No fadeless roses, in thy wreath I find.

When blinded by thy mother's guileful charms,
 Thou cam'st with Hope and Rapture in thy train;
 While close behind trod Woe and ambush'd Pain,
 Lurking beneath false Pleasure's tempting arms;

Thy garland then was deck'd with lively green,
 And roses which thou said'st would ne'er decay;
 And, ah! we doubt not what our wishes say,
 Till sad experience wakes us from our dream.

Too soon, alas! that painful lot was mine;
 For, withering in their bloom, the roses died,
 Show'd the sharp thorns which they before did hide;
 Ne'er to be blunted by the hand of Time.

One only rose remain'd, and still look'd fair,
 Expiring Hope lay panting in its breast;
 I had no food to cheer the drooping guest,
 Then, like the rest, it died, and left Despair.

CHARLOTTE.

DE CLIFFORD'S GHOST.

A BALLAD.

" **DEAR** youth, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
" On me Hell's vengeance fall,
" If thee I once should cease to love,
" My bed shall be my pall.

" Or, if in battle death you find,
" Hear me, oh, Clifford ! swear,
" No marriage ties my heart shall bind ;
" If false, thy grave I'll share."

Thus Bertha to De Clifford said,
And then, Farewell ! she sigh'd :
The youthful knight then clasp'd the maid,
Who sat her down, and cried.

Nine moons had wasted in the skies,
When fatal tidings came,
How Clifford fell, no more to rise,
And how he sigh'd her name.

Fair Bertha mourn'd, and sad she grew,
But grief will soon subside :
And Sir de Rofs, of high degree,
Requests her for his bride.

Alas !

Alas! the faithless maid consents;
The wedding-day arriv'd;
And tilts there were and tournaments,
Where each for victory striv'd.

Amid them all a knight was seen
Upon a fable steed;
And proudly solemn was his mien,
For none he seem'd to heed.

He rais'd his spear, and swift engag'd
With Sir de Rofs the brave;
Rofs instant fell, though sore he rag'd;
The knight to Bertha came.

To her the haughty stranger knelt,
His vizor then he rais'd;
And, woe to Bertha! how she felt!
How wretched and amaz'd!

And stern he look'd; her spirits fail,
Her heart's blood seem'd to freeze;
For Clifford's features, wan and pale,
The fainting Bertha sees.

"Rise, rise, my lord," she faintly said,
"Avert those ardent eyes!"
"Think on thy parting words, false maid!"
The angry vision cries.

"Ah, cruel girl! thy time is come,
"Since false to me you prove;
"Death waits, and ready is the tomb;
"For me you cease to love.

"Hell's

" Hell's vengeance fast on you must fall,

" When marriage ties shall bind :

" Away ! thy couch must be thy pall,

" With me a grave to find."

" Forbear my sad career to close,

" Save me from death, and stop my flight ;"

Sad Bertha shriek'd : when flow arose

A cloud, that drew them both from sight.

SOPHIA:

To

TO LINDORF.

OH, Lindorf! oh, Lindorf! for ever adieu!
 Thy heart beats no longer tumultuous for me;
 Fair Laura has robb'd me of heaven, in you;
 'Tis Laura alone is an idol to thee.

And canst thou so easy forget the fond breast
 That gave thee responsive a sigh for a sigh?
 And canst thou despoil those sad eyes of their rest,
 That, when thine look'd tearful, disdain'd to be dry?

And canst thou repeat, without faltering tongue,
 Those oaths which to me thou hast plighted in vain?
 Let Laura beware, for the snake which *has* stung,
 May the bosom which fosters it injure again.

Oh, Henry! oh! why did I treat thee with scorn?
 Ah! why let thee scatter thy sighs to the wind?
 Well art thou reveng'd; 'tis now I that must mourn,
 For e'er having us'd thee, my Henry, unkind.

Dear hill! which, with him, I once lov'd to ascend,
 And view the red sun as it sunk in the west;
 Dear lute! which did once thy sweet harmony lend,
 To charm and to sooth a fond lover to rest.

Bloom on, lovely rose-tree, in peace shalt thou blow,
Thy buds evermore shall uninjur'd remain ;
No roses do I want to deck my sad brow,
A garland of willow suits the temple of Pain.

CHARLOTTE.

BALLAD.

BALLAD.

MATILDA AND ANNA.

“ AH ! woe to me ! what means this start ?

“ Why these foreboding fears ?

“ What means this burden at my heart ?

“ Ah ! why these falling tears ?”

Thus Anna mourn'd, as she did lean

Against an aged tree ;

Of all the damsels ever seen,

The fairest nymph was she.

But woe to Anna ! she was vain,

And could with none agree ;

She triumph'd in each lover's pain,

All men of high degree.

Calm was the night, the moon serene,

And silent as the tomb ;

When, lo ! a foaming steed was seen,

Dim riding through the gloom.

A lady held the struggling rein,

Whose face a veil conceal'd ;

When Anna view'd her with disdain,

Yet wish'd her form reveal'd.

F

The

The courser's eyeballs glow'd with fire,
 He spurn'd the passive ground ;
 Loose flow'd the rider's white attire,
 While thus aloud she mourn'd :

“ Anna ! dost thou Matilda know,
 “ Matilda, once the fair ?
 “ Now laid, alas ! for ever low ;
 “ Nor beauty Death will spare.”

She said, and, lo ! the night-bird scream'd ;
 Her rays the moon withdrew ;
 The thunder roll'd, the lightning gleam'd,
 And strong the tempest blew.

And then she lifts her flutt'ring veil :
 A mouldering scull is seen,
 While slimy earth-worms o'er it trail,
 And worms where eyes had been.

Ah me ! how sad it is to tell !
 Worms o'er her temples twin'd ;
 Where once were ringlets, earth-worms fell,
 That shrunk from the cold wind.

And twice the vision smote its breast,
 And twice it groan'd aloud :

“ Life is but short, man's soon at rest ;
 “ The cradle, then the shroud.

“ Live, haughty Anna ! while you may ;
 “ I once was lovely too :
 “ The finest form will soon decay ;
 “ View me, and own it true.”

The vision ceas'd, and, lo! from sight
 It sudden disappear'd;
 The fiery courser took to flight,
 And melted as it rear'd.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

TO SYMPATHY.

SWEET Sympathy ! thou fair celestial maid,
 Thou precious, soft, endearing, tender tie ;
 Source of the pitying drop that dims the eye ;
 Source of the sigh to Friendship's ashes paid ;

Divine inspirer ! soul of the inmost soul !
 Bringing his mistress to the lover's sight,
 Though darkness pours around its deepest night,
 And Ocean's wide expanse between them roll ;

Oh, thou ! descending on the downy wing
 Of Cupid, when he steals into the heart,
 Art mistress of the sweetly painful smart,
 That, tipt with honey, bears a secret sting.

'Tis thou informest to the lover's breast
 Of every sigh his absent Laura heaves,
 Of every tear its bright recess that leaves,
 Bidding prophetic sorrow haunt his rest.

Oh ! softer than the breeze to summer dear,
 Sweet as the breath of love, than snow more fair ;
 Daughter of heaven, and lighter than its air ;
 Thy robe, a zephyr ! and thy crown, a tear !

Sweet

Sweet Sympathy! thou beauteous sensitive!

Inhabit this fond breast for evermore;

My heart thy cottage, and my death thy door;

Oh! cease to quit me till I cease to live!

CHARLOTTE,

THE

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

ERE grief had rankled in my heart,
 Or sad experience taught me woe ;
 Ere Cupid sped his maddening dart,
 Or Shame had giv'n my cheek a glow ;

When rag'd the fever of my brain,
 Unchill'd by Reason's tyrant power ;
 When Passion spurn'd the struggling rein,
 I burnt, the madman of the hour.

'Twas then, gay, rushing on the world,
 I ask'd for friends, and sigh'd for fame ;
 Whilst Hope her flowery scene unfurl'd,
 And sportive Fancy fann'd the flame.

But soon, alas ! Experience came,
 And, pointing to a vale of tears,
 O'erwhelm'd me in a sea of shame,
 And left me to my coward fears.

For Fortune frown'd, and friends withdrew ;
 Alone, forgot, my bosom bled ;
 Fame bade to Poverty adieu,
 And even Cupid laughing fled.

Then

Then scornful Prudence chill'd in sighs
 The burning fury of my brain.
 Each fever'd passion slowly dies,
 Quench'd in the tears of Grief and Pain.

Friendship I saw a painted cheat,
 And Fame an idle glittering toy,
 That real merits never meet,
 But knaves and fools alone enjoy.

And Poverty I saw would blight
 The god of love's deceitful bloom;
 For dear affection sunk in night,
 Till *gold* allur'd it from the gloom.

And wealth was all the villain's boast,
 By murder or by rapine bought;
 Whilst Conscience, like a silent ghost,
 For ever haunts his coward thought.

Now fairy fancies sunk away,
 For gay arose the fun of *Truth*,
 Dispersing with its genial ray
 The dear illusive dreams of youth.

SOPHIA.

SONNET.

SONNET.

TO OBLIVION.

OBLIVION, teach me, teach me thee to find;
 They tell me, in thy waters thou canst sleep
 Each sad remembrance of the troubled mind,
 And lull sharp Misery to eternal sleep.

And canst thou, goddess, in thy potent stream,
 Bid Recollection yield her power to thine?
 And Memory her sceptre too resign,
 Making the past like a forgotten dream?

Say, can thy magic stream procure repose
 To murd'rous Guilt, with restless, wide-stretch'd eye,
 Fearing Detection's torch for ever nigh,
 And Justice with its scourge the scene to close?

Or canst thou bid Remorse withdraw its sting,
 Or cease to plunge its daggers in the heart;
 Lethean-like, erase the fest'ring smart
 Reflection's bitter wounds ne'er fail to bring?

Say, canst thou lull upon thy Stygian breast
 The fiend Despair, than all the fiends more dire,
 With quivering lips and eyeball set in fire?
 Canst thou so wild a demon sooth to rest?

Or

Or shrieking Agony, with writhing brow,
 Convulsive heaving forth the hollow groan?
 Or raving Lunacy, with harrowing moan,
 Beseeching useless Pity for its woe?

If with thy power such miseries thou canst calm,
 Ah! let an hopeless wretch thy blessings prove;
 Withhold not from his wounds thy precious balm,
 Which from remembrance blots unhappy love!

CHARLOTTE.

G

SONNET.

SONNET.

TO PRUDENCE.

HENCE, Prudence! bane of ev'ry virtuous deed,
Child of cold Prejudice and selfish Fear,
Insensible to Sorrow's bitter tear,
Wrung from the heart thou bid'st unpitied bleed!

Oh, Innocence! compell'd to seek the shade,
And pine neglected in the cheerless wild,
Defam'd by Slander, Envy's favourite child;
Weep on, for Prudence shuns thee, wretched maid!

Poor Honesty! bend not thy steps this way;
Caution must scrutinize thy pale wan face,
On every guileless feature stamp disgrace,
And shuddering at thy guilt turn quick away.

Oh, Want! thou breathing image of cold death!
By all forsaken, and by all forgot,
And in a loathsome jail condemn'd to rot;
Avaunt thee!—for contagion taints thy breath.

Oh, Industry! made misery to endure,
Steeping thy hard-earn'd crust in liquid woe;
Contempt and Scorn shall heavier give the blow,
For Prudence calls thee indolent—she knows thee poor.

If sad Experience e'er should steel my breast,
Show me mankind, ungen'rous, cruel, base ;
Ingratitude, the vice of all the race ;
Then, Prudence ! then I'll hail thee for my guest !

CHARLOTTE.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF ENTHUSIASM.

THE sweet enthusiast, on a rock reclin'd,
 With transport listen'd to the dashing waves;
 Her snowy garments swam upon the wind,
 And Silence spread her wing amid the caves.

Now sportive Fancy did her eyelids close,
 And Memory brought the happy past to view;
 A group of visionary friends arose,
 And in a dance confus'd around her drew.

Borne on Imagination's ardent wing,
 Again a child, she skimm'd the yellow mead,
 Again enjoy'd the zephyrs of the spring,
 Again in youthful gambols took the lead.

And now, her childhood past, a busier scene
 Floats on the bosom of the silent night;
 Her lover's form, all deck'd in sea-weeds green,
 Swam wet and shivering in her startled sight.

Despairing on the surge he seem'd to stand;
 Pale was his face, loose hung his dripping hair;
 His shroud he held within his clay-cold hand,
 And, sighing deeply, threw his bosom bare:

Then pointed melancholy to the wave ;

“ Say, wilt thou come, sweet love ? I have been drown’d ;

“ This element hath been thy lover’s grave ;

“ I have been murder’d—see this cruel wound.”

In haste the beauteous dreamer op’d her eyes,

To lose the vision from her rocky pillow ;

In vain, alas ! whatever side she tries,

The sprite remains, still pointing to the billow !

And now a sterner look assum’d his face ;

“ Thou dost not love me, or thou wouldst not stay ;

“ Come plunge, my love !—soon, soon shall we embrace !

“ Midnight has past :—haste, haste, I must away !”

The sweet enthusiast heard her lover groan ;

And sighing from the promontory’s steep,

“ See, dear-lov’d Ghost !—I will be thine alone !”

She said ; and plunging fought him ’midst the deep.

CHARLOTTE.

LOVE

LOVE AND MADNESS.

WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF ENTHUSIASM.

WILD through the desert woods Alzira flew;
 Her robe disorder'd hung;
 Wet were her locks by midnight's chilly dew,
 Her snowy arms were bare,
 And here and there
 A wound was seen;
 But yet, regardless of the crimson stream,
 She sung:—

“ Ye gentle gales that sport around me,
 “ Waft a whisper to my love,
 “ He resides somewhere above;
 “ Tell him, I design to come
 “ When my tedious race is done;
 “ Say, Death's harbingers surround me;
 “ Tell him so, and take him this:”
 She said, and gave the winds a kiss.

Then started madly from her earthy bed;
 Each nerve was fever'd, and convuls'd her brow;
 Her unsettled eye
 Wander'd high, then low,
 Alternately;
 The power of thought had fled.

Eager

Eager she gain'd the mountain's slippery top,
 Her bosom bare and bleeding,
 When, lo! soft strains delay'd her rash proceeding,
 And sudden made her stop.

Her lover was return'd ; his voice well known
 Struck through her madden'd brain

Its tone ;
 Then quick again
 Her short remembrance flies,
 Like lightning darting o'er the gloomy plain,
 Flashes and dies.

Just then the hurrying moon broke from a cloud,
 Although the angry winds blew loud,
 To show the lover where his mistress stood,
 Emaciated, pale, for lack of food ;

He saw her dangerous state,
 And fear'd he could not save ;

Sigh'd, lest her dreadful fate
 Should be an instant grave :

" Oh, stop ! " he cried,
 And watch'd her eyeballs glaring wide,
 Of bright and dazzling blue ;

He mark'd her step unsteady,
 With open arms kept ready ;

Aghast he stood, tortur'd with keen alarms ;
 She flew—

He caught her in his trembling arms.

His

His burning tears fell on her woe-worn face.
 With painful joy he clasp'd her to his breast ;
 Her thrunk heart flutter'd in the dear embrace ;
 His tears still flow'd apace,
 And, like the dew, revives a drooping flower ;
 She rais'd her head, and testified their power.

CHARLOTTE.

EDMUND

EDMUND AND ANNA.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

NOW near drew the time when fair Ann was allow'd
 To visit her lover confin'd;
 To mingle her tears, as his sadly flow'd,
 And sooth the despair of his mind.

As she skimm'd o'er the wood, lo! the night-owl was heard
 To give three hollow shrieks from a tree:
 She stopt, listening, and thought the ill-omening bird
 Said, Thy lover has ill news for thee.

Still onward she flew, while the envious wind,
 Half jealous, retarded her pace;
 Dishevell'd her garments to stay her behind,
 Or furiously broke in her face.

Darkness reign'd on the earth, and from every spot
 Horror seem'd unmolested to stare;
 She trembled to pass her once favourite grot,
 Lest Danger and Death should be there.

At length, like a lily new-wash'd in the dew,
 She reach'd the drear prison's high gate,
 And seely she knock'd, while her fears stronger grew
 For her Edmund's unfortunate fate.

The long-dying echo she thought spoke his doom,
 As the jailor pac'd slow through the hall ;
 The lamp beam'd from afar, pierc'd through the thick gloom,
 And show'd the chill damps on the wall.

He open'd the gates, and along led the maid ;
 Dark fulkinefs reign'd on his brow,
 From his savage black eyes murd'rous guilt was betray'd,
 And gall from each pore seem'd to flow.

The contrast how strong ! he in sable array'd,
 Swift leading ? virgin in white ;
 His form seen and lost 'mid the dubious shade ;
 Like a fiend and an angel of light.

Anna scann'd o'er his savage appearance with dread,
 And shudd'ring, her eyes she withdrew ;
 The slimy walls shone in green, yellow, and red,
 As the lamp its weak rays on them threw.

Soon they reach'd a steep staircase form'd under the ground ;
 Poor Anna descended untold,
 For she knew the drear dungeon where Edmund lay bound,
 A prey to want, famine, and cold.

The keeper, nought heeding her love or her haste,
 Crept slow ; and unlocking the door,
 The dank vapours burst out which before were encas'd,
 And swam in a mist on the floor.

She

She enter'd, and heard the door bolted again ;

Edmund started, and flew to embrace ;

Poor pris'ner, alas ! the endeavour was vain,

For his chain dragg'd him back to his place.

Now the damps they dispers'd, Anna saw on the stones

Her lover distended and ill ;

A chain round his body contracted his bones,

And prevented his breathing at will.

His hair hung disorder'd, his garments were loose,

His wrists were encircled by chain ;

Yet all these oppressions could never induce

Young Edmund's firm soul to complain.

" Ah ! wherefore, my Anna ! wherefore dost thou come ?

" To visit my dungeon so drear ?

" Like morning's fair goddess dispersing night's gloom,

" The trav'ler far wand'ring to cheer ?

" Oh, Anna ! black midnight will speedily be ;

" The poison ! the dagger ! are near ;

" So, farewell ! for ever farewell unto thee !

" Nay, start not ! what folly is fear !

" Oh, Edmund ! I surely not heard thee aright,

" Or sorrow has injur'd thy brain !

" What mean'st thou by dagger and poison at night ?

" Oh, Edmund, my love, speak again !

" I tell thee then, Ann, in the dead of the night,

" At the silent drear hour of one,

" I shall be a memento of death in thy sight,

" A tenant prepar'd for the tomb."

“ Oh, Edmund! my life! and oh, Edmund! my love!

“ Is that then thy portion to be?

“ Thou shalt not go single, for I too will rove

“ Through the fields of Elysium with thee.”

“ Forbear thee, rash beauty! say, what dost thou mean?

“ Forbid it, thy Maker on high;

“ Thy time is not come to quit life's idle scene;

“ Ah! wherefore should Anna then die?”

“ No more, dear-lov'd Edmund! I'll meet thee above,

“ And rest with thee too in the grave;

“ E'en death shall not part me from him that I love;

“ I'll die, since I cannot thee save.”

’Twas in vain for brave Edmund to kneel and to pray,

Or beg for a while to be heard;

For Anna was reckless of all he could say,

And steadily kept to her word.

“ And art thou resolv'd then? and canst thou forego

“ The young joys that fly at thy nod?”

“ Yes, Edmund! I can, or wherefore say I so?

“ I love thee, but next to my God.”

“ Behold then this phial, there is that within

“ Will quickly add one to the dead;

“ When the church clock strikes twelve 'twill be time to begin,

“ In an hour thy breath will have fled.”

“ I thank thee, dear Edmund! for now thou art kind;

“ So farewell, my love, unto thee!”

“ Ah! farewell, dear Anna! stay, stay thou behind,

“ And die not, dear martyr, for me!”

He

He said, and embrac'd her ; loud rattled his chains,
 When the jailor appear'd at the door ;
 His Anna rush'd from him ; transfix'd he remains ;
 Then sighing, sinks on the damp floor.

Once more through the wild woods she swift took her way
 To the castle, and flew to her room ;
 There watch'd the slow minutes, and curs'd their delay,
 For retarding her sorrowful doom.

At length it struck twelve—she snatch'd up the dose,
 In agony shook it around,
 And then to her pale lips applying it close,
 Drank it firmly to every ground.

In less than a minute the fumes caught her brain,
 Hot and heavily felt her head ;
 Her eyes clos'd themselves, fire glow'd in each vein,
 And stagg'ring, she reel'd on the bed.

Her heart now it trembled, her pulse it beat slow,
 A deep sleep crept over each limb ;
 She spoke not, nor mov'd, scarce her blood seem'd to flow,
 But never did death seem less grim.

Her maidens came in, and supposing she slept,
 Stood silently round and about ;
 No visible marks the base poison had left,
 It ravag'd within, not without.

Now sudden her face like an angel's appears,
 Irradiant beams shot around,
 Bright stars seem'd descending in shoals from the spheres,
 And spangled with di'monds the ground.

Hark !

Hark ! hark ! the church clock strikes the big hour of one !

In that instant she opens her eyes ;

Serenely then smiling, " Dear Edmund, I come,"

She stretches her arms out, and dies.

CHARLOTTE.

At length it struck twelve—the latch'd up the door,

In agony look'd it round,

And then to her pale lips applying it close,

Drank it freely to every ground.

In less than a minute the fumes caught her brain,

Hot and heavily fell her head ;

Her eyes clos'd themselves, the flow'd in each vein,

And staggering, she fell on the bed.

FINIS.

Her heart now it trembled, and soon it beat slow,

A deep sleep crept over each limb ;

She spoke not, nor mov'd, scarce her blood seem'd to flow,

But never did death seem less grim.

Her maidens came in, and looking the sleep,

Stood silently round and about ;

No visible mark of death had yet,

It ravag'd within, not without.

Now laden her face like an angel appears,

I radiant beams that round,

Bright stars seem'd descending in floods from the sphere,

And spangled with diamonds the ground.

Hail !